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another the outlines of past transactions, even when the filling-in of the picture has faded and disappeared through lapse of time, or the action of other causes unsuited to its preservation. In this Drisoge instance, the peasantry have informed us that it was *a clergyman* who had been killed by the *soldiers of Mac Coghlan*, although they knew no more of the circumstances; and, by a mixture of fable with fact, the tale has been embellished with the additional circumstance of a servant having given to the bishop a timely warning of the murderous character of his master's pretended hospitality. Mac Firbis's record of the battle fought at Lomploon in 1444, coupled with the story preserved by the country-people, supplies a striking elucidation of the assistance which written annals and verbal tradition reciprocally render one to other in perfecting a complete history. Thus, the traditional account of the Drisoge slab would stand wholly imperfect as to *dramatis personæ* and epoch, did not Mac Firbis enlighten us on these points. On the other hand, the written Annals, as well as the history of Bishop Mac Coghlan, by Ware and Harris, would be defective in identifying the precise spot where the bishop was slain, had not the old sepulchral stone and the current of tradition served to supply the want. Between both authorities the history is complete.

The Drisoge slab bears a great resemblance to that represented by the woodcut (vol. iii, p. 278, of this Society's Transactions), which represents a stone at the old church of St. Audoen, Dublin, and was contributed by the Rev. Dr. Spratt to this Society.

ON THE LANDING-PLACE OF HENRY II. IN THE HARBOUR OF WATERFORD.

BY THE REV. JAMES GRAVES, A.B.

WHEN Henry II. came to Ireland, in order to lay his royal grasp on the broad lands which had been conquered by the "fillibustering" adventurers who followed Earl Richard Fitz Gilbert¹ into this island, Hoveden, the annalist, tells us he disembarked at Crook, and marched thence to Waterford. The editor of the translation of Hoveden lately issued by Bohn, in a note on the name, gravely suggests that "Crook" is a mistake of Hoveden's for "Cork." This egregious blunder must serve my purpose to excuse the following short notice

¹ So Strongbow styles himself in his charters.

of the place, written at a distance from my books, but within eye-shot of the spot where Henry first trod on Irish ground.¹

A glance at any good map of Ireland, but, more especially, at those models of all good surveys, the Ordnance Maps of the district, will indicate the position of the parish of Crook, on the western shore of the noble harbour of Waterford, below, and close to, the secure anchorage of Passage, where Queen Victoria lay-to, in her splendid steam-yacht, for a night, on the occasion of her first visit to Ireland. A low sandy beach, with clay cliffs, intermixed here and there with slaty rocks, forms its sea boundary; from this the land swells upward gradually to a considerable height. On this slope, now mapped out with a formal network of enclosures and very bare of trees, about half a mile from the beach, and in the centre of some fine pasture lands, stand the remains of the preceptory and parish church of Crook. The Templars seem to have formed an early settlement here, as Crook is mentioned in the most ancient lists of their establishments in Ireland; but the existing records of the Order are so scanty that I have never been able to discover any documentary evidence to show the date of the foundation: I think, however, we cannot be far wrong if we place it within a very few years of Henry's disembarkation. The church is small and rudely built; it consists of a nave and chancel, and presents unmistakable evidence that it was erected early in the thirteenth century. The stone used in its construction is the conglomerate of the neighbourhood, and its inapplicability to ornamental sculpture probably precluded the introduction of a single molding. Notwithstanding this absence of moldings,—the most unerring guide we possess to determine the age of ecclesiastical remains,—the tall, slender lancets infallibly proclaim the style to which we should assign the unpretending structure, namely, that usually called the "Early English," a term which, as the style indicated thereby was introduced into Ireland by the English settlers, may, with great propriety, be used in describing those specimens of Irish architecture built in the districts under English rule during the thirteenth century.² There is not any ancient monument remaining in the church or churchyard. Not far from the church a remnant of the domestic buildings of the Knights Templar

¹ I have already had occasion to rectify a vulgar error respecting the landing-place of the first detachment of Strongbow's contingent.—See "Transactions," vol. i. p. 189, First Series.

² The nomenclature of architectural styles in Ireland is, at present, very unsatisfactory. For instance, we constantly hear churches, erected before the English set foot

here, called "Norman,"—how inappropriately, a moment's reflection will show. A very convenient division would be into "Early Hiberno-Romanesque," A.D. 500–1100; "Late Hiberno-Romanesque," A.D. 1100–1200; "First Pointed," A.D. 1200–1300; "Second Pointed," A.D. 1300–1400; "Third Pointed," A.D. 1400–1500; "Renaissance," A.D. 1500–1800.

points out the site of the preceptory. Nothing now remains but one angle of a massive tower, built of the same material, and in the same unadorned style, as the church, and plainly contemporary with it, but quite insufficient to indicate either the plan or extent of the original structure. Between the preceptory and the church, but, probably, in former times included within the precinct of the former, is a well, covered by masonry, with a pointed arch, and a doorway of the same form, which latter does not seem to be of much antiquity.

When Henry's fleet entered the Waterford Harbour, their first care would be to look for a safe anchorage. This the waters of Passage afforded them. The navigation of the Suir was probably unknown to the seamen, or the king would have proceeded higher up the river. At all events, we know that he landed at Crook, and marched thence, some seven miles, to Waterford. At present, except at the top of a very high spring-tide, it would be difficult to land forces under Crook; but we may well suppose that the tidal currents, which have, within the memory of man, filled up the boat-docks at Passage, may, during the six centuries which have elapsed since Henry's debarkation, have materially added to the shoal which extends from the shore of Crook to a considerable distance into the harbour. But, even supposing that this shoal existed in Henry's time, it is quite sufficient for the accuracy of the chronicler to suppose—and, knowing the persistency of natural phenomena, it seems the most probable supposition—that Henry, his nobles and followers, landed on the beach at the place which is now called Passage, but whose ancient name may have been unknown to Hoveden, who was satisfied with noting down the name of a church not quite an English mile from the place of debarkation. It is plain, at all events, that Hoveden knew what he was writing about when he stated that Henry II. landed at Crook; and this is more than can be said for his latest editor, when the latter suggests that the annalist blunderingly wrote "Crook" for "Cork."

The history of the visits of England's kings to Ireland would, in good hands, make an interesting work. Should it ever be accomplished, Waterford and her harbour must take a leading part in the story. Here, as we have seen, Henry II. and his mail-clad knights and men-at-arms landed. Here his weak and wicked son, John, "Lord of Ireland," surrounded by his foppish and overbearing Norman courtiers, disembarked, to pluck the beards of the Irish princes who came to do him homage. Here came to shore Richard II., dazzling the eyes of the sober citizens with the flash of steel and waving of plumes, as his gorgeously harnessed army defiled through the gates of Waterford, with full intent to finish the conquest so long left incomplete; but soon to have the sheen of their armour dimmed, and to be shorn of their gay plumage by the Barrow's side,

immersed in the woods and bogs of Art Mac Murrough's fastnesses ; and here, again, the same effeminate but chivalrous monarch landed,—to revenge the death of his cousin and heir-apparent, Mortimer, Earl of March and Ulster, slain by the Irish in a petty skirmish,—and so left England open to the usurper Henry. Again, on the shores of this harbour, James II. terminated his ill-starred connexion with Ireland, and, breathless with his headlong flight from the Boyne, hid his dishonoured head on board a French vessel of war. Finally, as already observed, Queen Victoria entered its waters, the only one of England's monarchs that ever dropped anchor there in peace.
